

There was riot in front of the curtain and panic and recriminations behind it; and in

a row that would not have been out of place in a Latin Quarter cafe Lina Cava-

lieri and Alexander Bariatinski spoke their parting words—and Lina's was a stronger

Desertion in Hour of Need.

We know no more than this. Was it

one of love's hateful treasons? Was it de-

sertion in the hour of need? The girl had

worked and slaved to please him. The

world would have liked to see him stand

That Lina has never accused him proves

nothing. She may have been too proud-or she may have been in the wrong. And-

note-that Baratinski never defended him-self proves nothing. He may have been too

chivalrous-or he may have had no ex-

Baratinski fied to his yacht. Simply that. Cavalieri moved with dignity to the rall-

way station. On her lonely trip from Lis-bon to Paris by the Sud express, accom-panied only by a faithful maid—the com-pany disbanded—who knows what bitter

thoughts may have been hers? Ah, work that had all gone for nothing! Ah, fairest

bud, no sooner blown than blasted! Really, I know of no more pathetic figure than that

of the disabused and lonely girl returning

When, a few weeks later, in Paris she learned that Prince Alexander had allowed his Paris apartment to be sold out by the

sheriff, Lina Cavalieri certainly sent all grand opera to the lower regions. The

young folks never met again. Prince Alex-

ander shortly afterward married the young Princess Youricvski, morganatic daughter

of the deceased Czar Alexander II, living with her mother in high Parisian society.

And Lina Cavalieri remained "the most

Here the devoted sister intervened with

force-from her humble employment at

Same Hard Proposition.

On leaving the Roman convent school

three years after her elder sister had

quitted it, Ada Cavalieri (to give her the

family name adopted and made famous by

the other) had to face the same hard prop-

She was quite as beautiful as Lina. In-

deed-as you shall learn, if you have not

already heard it-the sisters look so much

alike that photographs of one have been mistaken for the other. Also, she had a

voice. Yet she never hesitated. She had been educated for a governess. It was cor-

rect and honorable to be a governess. And

governess she would be. Even after she had lost her first three places by a strange

This young girl is too beautiful to be a

governess," wrote her first employer to the

"Her conduct has been irreproach-

against an enterprising employer

She is goodness itself, intelligent, pa-

superioress of the school as she returned

tient and with a talent for teaching. Yet

I will not keep her. Her presence cannot but prove a danger in a household!"

Wealthy ladies are hard in Italy; and their velvet-eyed husbands are weak-or

strong-in presence of helpless youth and prettiness. So it was in and out for the unhappy Ada Cavalieri. What resources

wife would relish such a revelation? Would

she not regard it as presumptuous? Or suppose she should keep up a steadfast fight in silence? In the end appearances

would damn her. The result would be the

same. How can a lady keep a firebrand in

her house-however innocent the firebrand? Until at last a good and generous lady-

beautiful enough herself not to be jealou

of another's beauty-took the persecuted

Signorina Ada as teacher for her two small

children. As I may not give her name,

Wonderment That Grew to Terro-

Ada Cavalleri had watched her brilliant

sister's triumphs with uneasy wonderment

Old maids are born not made. In spite

from the beginning, all the frigid timidity,

the chaste tranquility and the hard judg-ments, both for herself and others, of the

"If you will not give up the stage, be

Lina was to at last make her debut in grand opera at Lisbon, sue was waiting

anxiously to learn the result.

When she learned the pitiful result, Ada
Cavalieri took a great decision. Quitting

her place at Genoa, she hurried to Paris. She settled down beside her wounded and

reckless sister. Did she try to comfort her? How could the born old maid com-

fort her? But it is certain that the frigid Ada wrestled with the flery Lina seven

iaye—and triumphed! Groaning in spirit like the camel—again—

Lina, again renounced the easy life and money of the music halls. Again she took

up the burden of grand opera. Love, with great shining eyes, no longer beckoned her.

But on and on she bore the burden, with her sister always by her. How she finally

Fine Revenge on Cruel Public.

In 1901 she was singing the principal part

of Mimi in Pucinni's "Vie de Boheme" at

no less an opera house than the San Carlo

of Naples. Next she secured a brilliant en-

gagement for an entire season at the imperial Theater of Warsaw-singing Violetta

in "Traviata," Marguerite in "Faust," Mimi in the "Vie de Boheme"—and taking

ine revenge on the cruel Lisbon public by an overwhelming triumph as Nedda. The transformation was accomplished She who had been only "The Most Beautifu

Woman of Europe" was now an artiste in a high field. Serious critics praised her voice and technique, while the money-paying public thronged to the double charm of her vibrating loveliness.

ion. Later on she compromised:

she was the wife of a foreign consul

that grew to terror.

born old maid.

To run and complain to his wife?

and unique fault, she never wavered

Surely it was a unique fault.

osition that had confronted Lina.

beautiful woman of Europe!"

word than "darn!"

to Paris.

DID NOT LIKE HER JOB

"Most Beautiful Woman of Europe" Discontented.

WAS FLATTERED AND FETED | manfully by her in her hour of failure.

Loveliness Said to Be All-Sufficient Without Talent.

TOSSED ASIDE A SINECURE

Plodded Road Leading to Grand Opera

and Parisians as Good as Forgot Her.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

PARIS, June 9, 1906. That "the most beautiful woman of Europe" may be discontented with her tob is shown by the extraordinary case of Lina

As a music hall star of the first magnitude she was flattered and feted. She had but to show her beautiful person and warble a few dittles to earn heavy money. The world had practically told her that her loveliness was all-sufficient without talent.

Lina Cavalier! tossed aside the brilliant sinecure and plodded the hard road leading to grand opera. When Parislans learned it they shrugged at the unpractical choice and as good as forgot her. Now she has just given them a mighty jolt by coming back as a grand opera star with a rumored engagement at the Parls opera itself, and furthermore, she has just bought a splendid mansion in the Avenue de Messine. But why she grew discontented with being "the most beautiful woman of Europe" how she threw up the music hall sinecure on the off chance of succeeding in grand

opera remains a secret.

The secret spring of Lina's change of base began with a great hope, continued through a great despair, and ended in a great devotion. The hope and the despair were those of worldly love. But the devotion was that of a sister.

Nothing could be more striking than the

contrast between the lives chosen by the two girls. When their widowed mother died In Rome in 1889, Ada was fifteen years of age and Lina seventeen. As there were no relatives and the property was small, friends put them in a convent school of aristocratic connections, whose side special-ty was the education of poor girls of good family for governesses and companions Time in School Short.

On account of her age, Lina's time in the

school was short. Once in the world it did not take her long to decide against the teaching career. Besides her beautiful person, she had a pretty voice; and even had the voice been less, her first appearance on the music hall stage left no doubt as to the

kind of success she might expect.

In 1803 Lina Cavalieri was called "the prettiest girl in Vienna." At the famous Ronacher's she had enormous vogue as a beauty and wearer of magnificent tollettes She warbled a few catchy ditties. And they were sufficient. 1894 she was drawing all Paris-and

the clubs contingent-to the Folies-Bergere. She had discovered the dressmakers and milliners of the Rue de la Pa'x, and was photographers had sent her lovely face and figure to the four corners of the earth, and she began to be called "the most beautiful woman of Europe."

It was at this time that Lina Cavalleri

gave her friendship to Prince Alexander Baratinski, second son of a considerable Russian house and a young man about

Prince Alexander came to have immense admiration for the talent, the voice, the beauty and the goodness of the girl.
"You must cultivate that voice," he told
her. "You are wasting yourself on the
music hall stage, which is not worthy of

Take up opera!" he advised her. That is what my sister is always writing me," pouted the fair Lina. Those who knew her at that time declare that, per sonally, she found herself very well where she was. The climbing of the ladder would mean unceasing labor-not to speak of risk. The appeals of Ada had not moved her. Was it love that now began to pull her? Watts' touching painting of "Love Leading Life" contains a mighty

Groaned in Spirit.

Like the camel that is being loaded, Lina groaned in spirit. Like the camel, she was slow in getting started. But, still like that reliable creature, once started, she kept going. In 1896-97 the music halls saw no more of Lina Cavalieri, and it became known that she was diligently cultivating her voice under Mme, Mariani-Masi.

Prince Alexander was delighted. At least, he professed himself delighted. Indeed, it was generally thought that the two young people so admirably fitted to each other would certainly marry—a supposition made the less unreasonable by the well-known fact that Prince Alexander's elder brother and head of the family had only a few years previously married a celebrated Rus-sian actress, with whom he was living hap-pily. Lina was simply working to make herself worthy of the alliance. She would not ask Prince Alexander to marry "the most beautiful woman of Europe." He should espouse a grand opera star! Three years passed in work and love and

at Monte Carlo, she has had repeated en-gagements. In Russia she is all the rage. Her own country of Italy has taken her to And she has bought a mansion in the avenue de Messino for her Paris residence!

During her present summer vacation she will furnish it herself—a work of peaceful A Quiet Street and Rich.

It is a quiet street and rich-the Avenue de Messino. It is a short street of only thirty-four numbers, running from the statue of William Shakespeare in the little square of the Boulevard Hausamann to the delightful Parc Monceau, surrounded by its palaces.

It is a street of the newly rich, perhaps; few great titled families live in it. But those who inhabit it are snug and at peace with the world. Well, among all, there will be none more snug than a most glorious old

You know who it is. There can be but one such—"the Most Beautiful Old Maid in the World!" Ada Cavalleri takes charge of Lina's Paris mansion. That she is so like her sister will not strike Parisians, because they will not see her. When she goes out she will dress in sad, plain clothes. And where she goes—to church for the most part—

Parisians will not follow.

In her own way she is happy. Is it not strange? Here is beauty gone to waste, you will say. Well, judge for yourself. Some time ago the somber sister had a skittish morement. It incited her to prove her could heavily. How she dressed in one her equal beauty. How she dressed in one of Lina's tollettes and posed to one of the first Paris photographers as her famous in the lowly quarters of the town.

sister is a tale that has been more than

Interest in Airsbire once told. Suffice to say, the trick was utterly successful. Doubtless, also, it sufficed to gratify the cool and tranquil vanity of Ada; never afterward did she assert

For a time the counterfeit presentments circulated in commerce, being practically undistinguishable from photographs of Lina Cavalieri. Nowadays they scarcely exist. Yet there is one of them in the lot

herewith. Can you pick it?
AN AMERICAN IN PARIS.

FOLLOWED BY A LION.

From the Youth's Companion.

Hunter's Night Adventure in an African Jungle.

To stroll through an African jungle with a gun loaded only in one barrel and with dusk approaching seems to invite adventure, and so it did in the case of William Cotton Oswell, the friend of Livingstone. Oswell started out from his camp one evening, fired his one shot at a quagga, which he wounded, and then followed its tracks, marked the place where it fell, and then turned his steps, as he thought, toward the wagons. In his biography the incident is described in his own words: It was not until I had wandered carelessly

hither and thither for half an hour, feeling sure that it was only the one particular bush in front of me which hid the wagons, that I very unwillingly owned to myself that I was drifting without bearings in this bushy sea. Twilight in the tropics is very short. Just

before the sun set I followed a game track which I knew would lead to water. After a good draught I began collecting firewood, but the night closed in so rapidly that a bare hour's supply was all my store. Partly to save fuel, partly in the hope that as night crept on signals would be made from the wagons. I climbed a tree, and had not been long perched before I

heard, far off, the boom of guns.

Alarmed by my absence, my companions suspected the cause and were inviting my return; but it required a very pressing in-vitation indeed to induce a man to walk through two miles of an African wood on

It grew bitterly cold. I determined to down and light my fire. I had reached the lowest bough of my tree and placed my hand beside my feet before jumping off, when from the bush immediately under me a deep note and the sound of a heavy body of her dazzling beauty-the same line for a deep note and the sound of a neavy body slipping through the thorny scrub told me that a lion was passing. Without the warn-ing, in another half second I should have alighted on his back. I very quickly put line that had made Lina famous, Ada had,

of my feet and the ground. I could not longer endure my cramped po-She had fought with Lina to give up the music hall career. She had never ceased bombarding her with letters of expostulasition in the scraggy tree, and felt I must get down. Waiting until the moon was about one tree high, I came down and dived into the bush. I struggled on for an hour, I should think, when four or five muskets fired together within fifty yards told me I real artiste!" was her final appeal. When Lina had begun studying with Mme. Mariani-Masi she began to hope. And when

was home again. I hope I was thankful then; I know I am now. Two of my Hottentot servants and a batch of Kaffirs had come to meet me and escorted me to the fire in triumph. As I held my half thawed hands over it the roar of a disappointed lion rang through the

camp.
"He has missed you, Tlaga, by a little this time," said my black friends. "Let him go back to his game.

A Slow Golfer.

From the Tatler. At St. Andrews one of the most respected and popular members of the club had the misfortune to crush his leg early in life and walked with the aid of a wooden one. and walked with the aid of a wooden one. Being portly as well as lame, it was impossible for him to walk as fast as most people, but, being a good sportsman; and hating to keep people back, he made it a rule when he did play golf to start late. One day, however, two strangers, happening to start late, were kept back. Instead of making the best of it, they began to press the lame man. Back came his caddle, "Captain J.'s compliments, and he knows he walks d—d slow, but he can walk a d—d sight slower."

Bunkered, but Not Blasphemous. From the Tatler.

Smith made a bet that, contrary to habit, he would play a whole round without using bad language. Before long he got his ball inextricably bunkered. He was very sore-ly tried, but he contented himself with simply glaring wrathfully at the ball. At

AIRSHIPS, PAST AND PRESENT, POSSIBILITIES AND PROBABILITIES

My Dear Nell: The Count -The Count — has invited you and I to go out for a ride in his airship this afternoon. Will call between 2 and 3 o'clock. I think we shall go to St. Cloud, dine there and return in the cool of the evening. Don't keep us waiting, dear. Lovingly, MADGE. This is a copy of a note received by an

American girl at the French capital last summer, and it shows rather conclusively how common the sport is becoming in one great city at least. Paris, London and New York all have their airship clubs at the present writing, but first honors easily lie with the Parisians in all that pertains to the art and principles of aerostation. It is not an uncommon sight to see half a dozen airships, captive and otherwise, hovering over Paris and darting here and there through the fleecy clouds on a fair summer's afternoon-in fact, no more out of the common than a trip with the country cousin in an automobile from the New Willard to Cabin John's, and no more dangerous, perhaps, barring storms, of course. The presence of that prince of aeronauts, Santos Dumont, in their midst has had much to do with the progress and popular-ity of the sport among the Frenchmen. Londoners and New Yorkers are following closely in their trend, however, and from closely in their trend, however, and from the intense interest displayed in the first flight of the Luna Park ship to this city it is not improbable that Washington will have a club of its own before many years have past. The failure of the Langley aerodrome may have served as a setback here, but recent interest would seem to indicate that Washingtonians are in the humor to create an airship vogue at the drop of a hat.

There are a great many old residents and

been successful the whole world would have been revolutionized. Rochefort's Statement,

It was the great Rochefort-Henri pere ,-who made the plain matter-of-fact statement "that when the day comes that a man can direct an airship and cause it to maneuver at will there will be but little for the nations to do but lay down their arms."

If the utterance of that great litterateur, scientist and statesman be true and it is the accepted belief of some of the best minds of this day and time-the hundreds of thousands of lives lost in the Russian-Japanese and other wars since Andree's death would have been saved.

For when aerial navigation has reached its ultimate perfection, as it most assuredly will, the scientists say war is impossible. Strategy and military tactics of the highest technique and theory will be estopped and have to quit the game when there is a fellow in an airship overhead, a couple of miles up, checkmating every move on the field of battle with a pair of strong glasses and some signals. And it

strong glasses and some signals. And it is exceedingly doubtful if any sort of pot gun can be made by Krupp or the Krag-Jorgensen people that could bag him when he is traveling around at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour.

Even if Mr. Wellman does not succeed in reaching the pole; if his ship, which is to embody every known modern improvement, is successful, all fair-minded scientists agree that he will have accomplished more toward the progress and advancement of modern science than any man of his day.

ment of modern science than any man of his day.

Recent logical and reasonable discussions of the effort almost with a single voice concede the possibility of a successful airship—that is, with kindly elements. This is a concession of the skeptical press There are a great many old residents and other denizens of the capital who are more or less indifferent to inauguration shows and parades, but when the airship came to town the other day if there was any indifference it was not marked by any out-



THE LANGLEY AERODROME.

ward sign, forsooth. Au contraire, it furnishes an interesting topic of animated dialogue from the White House to the huts Interest in Airships. The interest in ships of the air today is

confined to no particular country or clime, although it is unquestionably deeper in France and America because of the very nervous energy and desire for enlightenment so cordially characteristic of the people of those two countries. The change in the attitude of the public generally toward the progress of aerial flights and transportation is significant. No longer do the differences between the schools of aeronauts and airship builders excite ridicule and humor. The airship has come to stay, and that its development to greater and and that its development to greater and more useful achievement is a mere matter of time is the conclusion very generally conceded by the best minds in the realm of the highest science. No more pertinent illustration of this conclusion could be had than the present attitude of the scientific world toward the coming attempt of Walter Wellman to reach the present attitude of the scientific world toward to be seen to be considered. ter Wellman to reach the north pole. The press of the entire world, both secular and scientific, has accorded Mr. Wellman its good wishes and earnest hopes for success and applauded Mr. Frank B. Noyes and the Chicago Record-Herald for furnishing the enormous fund that will make the achieve-

ment possible—if possible it be.

That aerial navigation has in no small measure been retarded by the absurd attitude of some governments and many antiquated and antique minds cannot be gainsaid. It is not the only great cause of science that has had to put up with an enormous modicum of ridicule, but it has certainly had more than its share. When Columbus sailed away from his native land in an ancient and clumsy tub that the average Washingtonian would not have dared to cross Chesapeake bay in, for a land of which he knew nought; of which he had not even infinitesimal knowledge based upon scientific research, upon a tempestuous ocean walled but on one side so far as he knew, the prayers of his church and the hope and affection of his countrymen, except the maicontents, followed him. But for time immemorial—always until within the last few years always until within the last few years—
the balloonists and the aeronaut of all
types, shades and degrees have been the
buts of cheap libes and the subject matter for cheap minds incompetent and incapable of grasping any but the tangible
and finite things of this mundane sphere.
Andree was profoundly damned. Unwise he may have been, as his preliminary plans do not suggest the perfection of de-tail and deep study that Mr. Wellman is employing. But it was without the pale of fair play to put upon him the universal

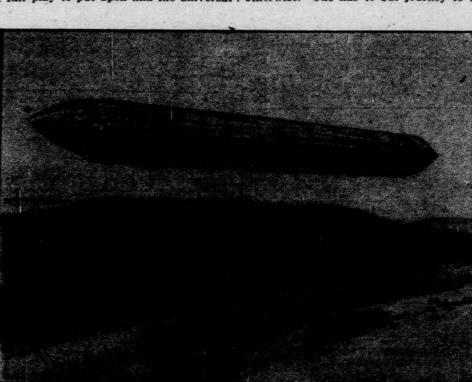
clined to question his eyesight when fol-lowing them, and has looked in vain for the literary "knockouts." They have been so few and far between in reputable publications that they count for naught. This is more than passing strange, for the reason that only three or four years ago anything that suggested aerostation was supposed to excite the risibilities or ridicule. Andree and the term "fodhardy" were synonymous with some publications of note that are not always fair. The warm indorsement of Mr. Wellman's plans and the almost universal acceptance of their possibility suggest a different public mind which the comment of an old member of which the comment of an old member of the Cosmos Club possibly explains.
"In Andree's time," said this gentle-

man, "everybody had to have something to take hold of. We had some wonderful inventions like the telephone and telegraph. But they were communicative. Now the average man will believe almost anything possible if he has even seen a successful demonstration of the wireless telegraph. Then, again, the airship, in fair winds, is a partial success as it stands." The progress in aeronautics has been slow but sure since the primitive efforts of Dar-

dalus and Icarus in prehistoric times to soar above the earth. Fortunes have been spent and scores of lives lost, but the end is not yet and success seems almost within the grasp of a man, as any one will testify who witnessed the landing of the airship in the White House grounds and then again at the Capitol the other day. There are hundreds of persons in Washington who would have questioned such a happening, it it may be so termed, had they not seen it. As the airship stands today it is a great mechanical triumph for man, and its possibilities beyond the dreams of the most enthusiastic aeronaut of a decade ago. The anticipate. Chanute seems to think that the navigable balloon or airship would some day be valuable for carrying the mail and in time of war and for sport. Santos Dumont is one of those earnest enthusiasts who has nearly lost his life three or four times, but would still believe in the possibilities of aerial navigation as the child believes in his mother. Nothing seems to daunt this brave Brazilian, and that despite the fact that the only other of his country-men. Savero, who had gone in for airships lost his life in the most tragic way. Savero's balloon, "The Pax," as it was called, burst while he was 2,000 feet in the

air, and he and the assistant who accompanied him were mashed into bits. Savero's machine was a balloon rather than an airapparatus.

The great mass of data relating to air ships and balloons is confusing because of the inaccuracy of the accounts, historic and otherwise. One has to but journey to the



COUNT VON ZEPPELIN'S BALLOON This was one of the largest of the comparatively recent ships, being 420 feet long, thirty feet diameter, with 17 separate compartments and requiring 400,000 feet of gas.

condemnation that would have consumed the mind of an ordinarily sensitive man. Small satisfaction it must have been to these detractors to know that for forty-eight hours—as long as it was possible to follow its course—the great ship went as true on its track as a bird in its flight. What happened afterward the Great Power that makes possible the pleasure and utility of science and the science and hope. Then Lina's chance came in 1900, when she was allowed to make her debut at no less a musical center than the Theater at no less a musical center than the Theater at no less a musical center than the Theater at no less a musical center than the Theater at no less a musical center than the Theater at no less a musical center than the Theater at no less a musical center than the Grand Theater of Ravenna, at the Grand Theater of Ravenna, at the Grand Theater of Ravenna, at the Opera of St. Petersburg and utility of science and the science and triumphantly:

Thave won my bet, you see; I said to have made a triumphantly:

The triumphantly:

The triumphantly:

The vertaining triumphantly:

The triumphantly:

The vertaining triumphantly:

The v

patent office, however, to see what a diversity of ideas has existed. There are to be found there, as well as in the patent offices of Germany, France, England and Italy, airships of every kind and description of form trees an unbrails to



CHANUTE'S DOUBLE AEROPLANE.

Because of its radical departure from all other designs and apparent simplicity this machine attracted much attention.

successful flight from a town in Spain to a meighboring field.

There is much doubt about an elongated balloon that is said to have been successfully used by M. Gifford, a Frenchman, in 1852, as Cavendish had not discovered hydrogen gas until 1877—twenty-five years later. It is probable that the brothers Montgolfier—Stephen and Joseph—sent up the first successful balloon. The brothers used hot air to inflate their balloon, hot air of a description different to that prevalent these days. The success of this ascension seems to have been more chance than any-thing else, as neither brother seemed to ap-preciate the real value of the kind of atmosphere they employed. Balloons for ordinary ascension purposes have been used for years with more or less success, although hundreds of balloonists have lost their lives.

The progress of the practical flying ma-chine has undoubtedly been retarded for centuries by reason of the fact that scientists until comparatively recently have declined to admit that one could be built on a plan other than that of the bird's wings. The first machine of this descrip-tion that ever met with any success was that of Otto Litienthal. His machine had wings like those of a bat, was built of willow and weighed only forty-five pounds. The inventor created something of a sensation and probably prompted Percy S. Pilcher to build his soaring machine which he used successfully more than two thou-sand times, but finally met death in 1890 in a fall from it while giving an exhibition. Chanute's double aeroplane was another crude machine built somewhat on the same lines, which attracted a great deal of at-

eled from St. Louis, Mo., to Henderson, in Jefferson county, N. Y., a distance of 1,150 miles, in 19 hours and 50 minutes, or at an average speed of nearly a mile a min-ute, away back yonder in July, 1859, before manufactured ice was ever thought of, let alone wireless telegraphy. In 1862 James Glaisher, F. R. S., a distinguished Englishman, accompanied by a Mr. Coxwell, as-cended from a point in England 37,000 feet above the earth surface, in round numbers, about seven miles. So just why New York is kicking up such a fuss about a few mosquitoes that have been crowded and because of the congestion of their fellows in the New Jersey villages and hamlets is not apparent. Ordinary balloon ascensions have no longer any value to science, all possible research and deduction-except Jersey mosquitoes—having long since been obtained therefrom.

What is troubling aeronauts now is to discover some force that will propel a balloon through the air that is heavier than the air itself and not at the mercy of the currents in stress of weather and heavy atmosphere. That this force will be eventually discovered is the earnest belief of many well-informed minds.

Operation for Premature Gray Hair. From the Chicago Inter-Ocean,

In the near future, when the American man is brought into contact with an American beauty whose hair is prematurely gray. he need not lay the change from black, or chestnut brown, or golden, to early troubles-to disappointment in love, to returntention. It is very generally accepted that birds have reached their limit of power in the vulture. That being the case the "wing idea" has long since been abandoned except by a scant half dozen or more old the rage in this country for a season or ed manuscripts, or to the inability of her



LILIENTHAL'S FLYING APPARATUS. Which closely followed the principle of the bird in flight and attracted a great deal of attention among scientists because of its partial success along these lines.

school scientists who stick to their old theories, by no faith perhaps, but obdurate

An Immense Affair.

There are aeronauts, and Santos Dumont is said to be one of them, who maintain that the principles employed by Count Von Zeppelin in the creation of his great dirigible balloon all tended to success. The materials used, however, were not of the best, and as there was but small faith in airships in Germany, whence he hailed, he was rather strapped for funds. Eugen Wolf, himself a distinguished aeronaut and African explorer, who went on the initial trip in this ship from Manzell across Lake Constance, claims for it great success. This airship had an internal balloonette and was inflated automatically by a ventilator. It was claimed by Mr. Wolf that it could be perfectly managed, and it was built on lines that have won many encomiums. It was no less than 420 feet long, thirty feet in diameter and had seventeen separate compartments which contained 400,000 feet of gas. The count was an officer in the German army, and although there can be no question about the success of the venture in some measure, it d'ed an untimely death, probably because of the phiegmatic prejudice of a certain element of the German government against anything that at-tempted to leave German soil, either by air or water, unless on a subsidized Ger-man steamship.

The tragic end of the Andree effort, the wonderful success of Santos Dumont and the failure of the Langley aerodrome and a score or more of other ships as well, and the trials at St. Louis are matters of bal-loon history too well known to bear repe-

two. The operation can be brought about without going through a panic. In order to be prematurely gray one does not need to be thirty-five, or even twenty-five. A pepper and salt effect—a silver thread among the gold effect—may be had by a purely mechanical process, and when the fad has run its course, if one is not naturally gray, one may cease to be premature-ly gray and again mingle with those of an age whose hairs have not been whitened by years or tears.

The woman with the jet black hair, the

woman with the jet black hair, the woman with the luxuriant auburn hair, the woman with the golden hair and the woman with the red hair will not feel entirely at home during the seasons of 1906-07. If she wants to feel entirely at home she will have to submit to an ordeal something like this, as described by an eventures in New York. as described by an eyewitness in New York:
"At the word from Prof. B. Alexander, while the orchestra breathed slow music each hairdreser drew a comb from the breast pocket of his dress coat and, with a preliminary wave, seized the hirsute appendage of the victim firmly in his left hand.

"For an hour the fearsome process con-

tinued. The head of the model inclined forward and sideways at perlious angles, the knees of the artist likewise. The tall of hair, deftly 'fussed' into an appearance of luxuriance, was held aloft, while the irons coaxed beautiful waves out of Indian

straightness.
"The models, decollete for the grand bail to follow, gave little shivers as the iron approached a powdered throat and the odor of overheated curls filled the air."

One of the most immediate and far-reach-

One of the most immediate and far-reaching effects of the changed conditions which confronts us will be a complete alteration of the attitude of our lyrists toward woman's crown of glory. Such songs as "I Think of Jenny With the Light Brown Hair." "My Fair Haired Mary Anne," "He: Hair Was Like the Morning," "Oh, Clip for Me a Golden Lock," "Her Raven Halt is My Despair," etc., will all be cast aside.

Mary," "She Who Was Blond Is Not So Fond," and "Oh, for a Sight of Her Pepper and Salt," and we shall hear issuing from behind the blinds, as we stroll through the musical streets of the North Side next summer, such stansas, perhaps as this:

And shall my love docay
Because I find this evening that
She's preparaturely gray?
Nay, nay, to her I'll faithful prove
Nor show the slightest pain.
For in a year or two she'll be
any dark brunette amin.